

# **Early College EAST High School**



***Blurred Edges***

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## **Rain Soaked Daisy**

Molly Gastineau



## Art Submissions

1. Blurred Edges (drawing) by Jordan Rowlett	Cover
2. Rain Soaked Daisy (photograph) by Molly Gastineau	2
3. Semper Fi (drawing) by Keegan Murphy	5
4. Moonlight River (painting) by Ashley Mullikin	6
5. Barren (painting) by Ashley Mullikin	6
6. Into the Storm (painting) by Ashley Mullikin	6
7. Lake Scene (photograph) by Courtney Kendall	8
8. Beach Up Close (photograph) by Thomas Munday	10
9. Things Are Beautiful (painting) by Amaree Thomas	13
10. Your Smile (drawing) by Katelyn Carraway	13
11. Stereotypes (drawing) by Jordyn LaRocca	14
12. (drawing )by Jannice Bonnilla	15
13. Carbon (drawing) by James McCormick	17
14. Leia (digital art) by Kasey Matthews	18
15. Elephants (photograph) by Courtney Kendall	18
16. The Eye (photograph) by Thomas Munday	20
17. Star-Filled Sky (photograph) by Thomas Munday	21
18. (painting) by Brittany Taylor	21
19. Island Paradise (painting) by Ashley Mullikin	22
20. Inosi (drawing) by Patrizia Mombille	24
21. The Other World (digital Art) by Zoey Chittick	26
22. The Nightmares Aren't Real (drawing) by Jordan Rowlett	26
23. Riku (digital art) by James McCormick	28
24. Window (digital art) by Zoey Chittick	29

## Literary Submissions

1. Umbrae (Shadows) by Matthew Johnson	5
2. Tragedy at War by Kim Noell	7
3. Dives by Zoe Chittick	9
4. The AI by Nate Cleaves	11
5. Find My Killer by Kim Koell	14
6. Walter Cloud by Bram Roys	16
7. The March by Ashley Mullikin	17
8. Odyssey of Science by Matthew Johnson	19
9. Voice by Brooke Jansen	22
10. The Brigade by James McCormick	25
11. Hide and Seek by Kim Noell	27
12. Untitled by Samm Henry	27
13. Untitled by Samm Henry	27
14. The Hero of Time— Majoras Evil by James McCormick	28
15. The End by Asya Taylor	29



## Umbrae (Shadows)

Matthew Johnson

We hide,  
We scurry,  
are snide  
and blurry  
be honest  
and sneaky  
no artists  
think bleakly  
we harm  
and heal  
why farm  
just steal  
the Heart  
and Soul  
tear apart  
the whole  
We Shadows  
we dwell  
burning cold  
in cells  
of gold  
you moles  
are ours  
filling holes  
with hours

your end is neigh  
Sob if you wish  
We rule the sky  
you're now our fish  
We know all sins  
you fed us well  
now in your bins  
or you just fell  
your future is bright  
saved from your dark  
but that's not right  
We are not part  
of that cruel evil  
nor are we good  
quite like those Sneevils  
and that one Hood  
We are a SHIELD  
We are chain breakers  
We have no Field  
Only a Maker  
You are us  
We are you

## Semper Fi

Keegan Murphy



Ashley Mullikin

## **Moonlight River**



## **Barren**

## **Into the Storm**



# Tragedy At War

Kim Noell

It was time for Clarence Boyd to go off into battle. Being an airmen, he knew what the chances of survival were, as did his wife. Granted he had been in World War I and came back fine. Just this time he wasn't so sure.

"Clarence, Why did you decided you would go? We have a daughter now and I cannot afford to lose you." Tabitha said. "Darling, I will be fine! I have been in war before, I know what to do and what not to do." Clarence answered. "Yes, but you know the chances of being an airman. Last time you were in war you were not a bomber pilot. You know all the bomber pilots died. That's what I am afraid of, losing you. The one that I grew up with and have loved for so long." Tabitha said. "Tabitha my love, please don't worry about me when we have this beautiful little girl now. You need to focus on Nancy. Make she is healthy. I will write you! I promise." Clarence said as he kissed her lips gently saying goodbye. "Ok Clarence, and yes please write me as much as you can. Bye my love." Tabitha said. And with that Clarence was off and on his way to the airport to meet with his Sgt.

## 1 Day Later

Surrounding Clarence were dead bodies. Not American ones, but Jews from all over England. He had stepped into a world controlled by Adolf Hitler. Hitler had begun to take Jews and put them in concentration camps. Clarence was glad he finally stepped into the war so he could help all of the people in the concentration camps.

It was time for Clarence and his fellow airman to take to the air. It was a very dark and musky day so it was hard to see. But Clarence had been in many simulations to prepare him for this so he could tell apart the planes. It hadn't been even one hour before some of his men had went down. He decided it was time to land for the moment to check on them. He found them dead. 3 of the seven men in his team were dead. He felt horrible. Clarence decided to go back up. As soon as he did two more of his men went down. Dead. Only Clarence and a very young man were left. He started to worry because he hasn't been able to write his wife one letter. Well except for his goodbye letter all the soldiers had to write in case they were killed in combat. Finally Sgt. Davis decided it was time for them to come down. He was disappointed to see only two men came back alive.

That night Clarence decided to start a letter for his wife.

*Dear Tabitha,*

*You will not believe what happened. In the first day I lost five of my men. Gone. Just like that. I wish you were able to comfort me and tell me its not my fault but I know you are not able to. Remember Nancy needs you so don't freak out!*

*Love Clarence*

Clarence had a bad feeling about this war. Especially after 5 of his men had already died. He really didn't think he would make it out of this one.

It was the middle of the night when he heard the guns and alarms sounding. He knew something was wrong. He jumped out of bed rushing to get dressed. As he was dressing he heard a loud noise in his tent. Then he doubled over in agonizing pain. Two more loud noises and two more cries into the night of agonizing pain.

## Two days Later



Tabitha was awoken by someone knocking at the door. When she opened it she burst into tears. Some of Clarence's friends were there holding his first and last letter, his uniform and his dog tags. She knew he was gone. For hours she sat in her room and cried. She had no idea what she was going to do. She couldn't even read the letters.

It wasn't until her mother showed up that she read only one of the notes. She read his good bye letter.

*Dear Tabitha,*

*I know I told you I would be fine, but it got a lot worse than I thought it was. I know you begged me not to go but, I just had to go. The news made me. I was so involved in wanting to save all these poor innocent Jews that I didn't think of you and Nancy. I really didn't think of the risks. Now I am gone. Nancy will never know me and for that I cry. I want you to keep live going. Don't stop because I am gone. You have Nancy to think about. I am always with you.*

*Love Clarence*

As the funeral for him arrived Tabitha had tried and tried to keep going but she always found herself in depression and just letting Nancy cry. The funeral was horrible for her. She felt singled out because everyone was laughing about all the good times they had with him. Tabitha though she just couldn't be happy.

As Tabitha watched Nancy get older day after day she realized Clarence was right and she decided that life was too short to mourn for the rest of her life. She was finally able to let him go and live life again. She has still never read the other letter from Clarence.



## Lake Scene

Courtney Kendall

## Dives

Zoe Chittick

She pushed the car door shut with her foot because her hands were full with a box of new masks and snorkels for the dive shop she was carrying. She loved the feel of the beach gravel under her bare feet. Cautiously, Tamber stepped up the three crooked steps to the boardwalk. She avoided the trip hazards in the wood as she walked down the dock she had walked on all of her life.

Tamber remembered her parents owning this dive shop and how she used to accompany the dive charters of the day when she was ten years old. Before she was certified she would ride with the captain of the boat and jump off the bow into the diver's bubbles to swim. She loved to look down at the divers and always felt one with the water.

When she was eleven Tamber was certified with another young diver, a girl who went by "Kat". The two would join the dive charters and take off to explore another wreck.

She pushed the door open with her hip and shouted to her brother who now owned the shop.

"Jeff, I have the newest shipment!" She called as she dropped the box on the floor. Slowly she unpacked it and sorted the different brands of masks. "I'll leave some money on the counter for this mask," she said as she snapped the mask on her face, feeling a secure suction, she dropped it around her neck.

The door was flung open and Kat came strolling in with a marked chart in her hand.

"Can we take the boat out to this new wreck?" asked Kat. "I'm sure we could find some artifacts to bring to the local diver's museum."

"Hmm... I have spare time this afternoon," Tamber grabbed the chart and spread it out, tracing her finger along the path that Kat marked. "Anyways, it doesn't look to far away."

"So I'll plan being back here at..." Kat glanced at the clock. It read 10:29 in bright red letters. "At... thirteen hundred hours?"

"Sounds like a plan," agreed Tamber. "Pack some oranges for after the dive and I'll see if Jeff will captain it for us."

\*~\*~\*

Tamber snapped on her new mask, put her regulator in her mouth and fell back into the water. It was a gray day and the sky was painted with shadowy clouds. The water was a deep shade of emerald and seemed to call out to the divers.

She swam out to the buoy that was hooked with Jeff's anchor. As she slowly let the air out of her BCD, she sunk down below the calm. Tamber cautiously let herself down the anchor chain. Fifteen... twenty... twenty-five... thirty. Far above she could see the boat bobbing up and down with the ebb and flow of the waves. Further below her she could see the line disappearing into the depths.

"Mhuumm," said her dive buddie, tapping her on the shoulder. "Mhumumm."

She snapped the piece of metal on her tank and nodded to her partner and they kept on with their descent. After a few more minutes they reached a depth of seventy. They would only be able to stay down for thirty-five minutes at the most in the cool temperature to gather artifacts from this ship.

Tamber and Kat hovered above the deck of the ship, surveying the wreckage. Kat picked up a piece of a larger anchor that lay on the deck and tied a piece of the plastic ribbon to it. They slowly swam towards the bow of the ship. There was the bridge and a few doorways leading inside. The only sounds that could be heard were the slow and steady inhalation through their regulators.

As they got closer to the bridge, the current seemed to be pulling them towards the door. Kat's eyes were wide and Tamber tried to plant her feet on the deck.

"Mhummm!" Kat attempted to say something.

Tamber glanced toward Kat to see her wedging herself in the doorway; her eyes were like saucers in her mask. She held onto the window frame and peered inside the bridge. It was glowing, and it was a vibrant yellow gleam. Suddenly, Tamber pushed herself off the wall of the ship towards the edge of boat.

Kat pushed herself out of the doorway and followed Tamber to the edge of the ship. The two of them



pulled themselves over the rail. They swam down the edge of the ship into the darker depths, violating the plan.

Once they reached the sand, which was about ninety feet under, they followed the hull to the bow. Tamber and Kat both swam up to the bow and peered in through the hole.

The light was emanating from something in the ground. It was circular and over ten feet across.

Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.

Both of the divers placed themselves on the sand and ambled carefully into the ship. Both of them stopped within a couple feet of the glowing.

Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.

The noise was a large circle and it seemed to be counting down.

"Muhummeum!" Kat screamed a silent scream and attempted to swim backwards. Instead, Kat was being pulled towards the circle.

Tamber tried to grab hold of the back of Kat's BCD and missed. Kat was pulled into the circular shape and the current pulled the regulator out of her mouth. Tamber could hear Kat's squeals under the water and see the bubbles come bursting out of the iridescent clock.

Tamber pulled herself out of the hull of the ship and swam to the other end as quickly as she could. She forgot the anchor and swam straight to the line. She didn't care what the depth was or how long she was there. Hanging onto the line for what felt like a lifetime, she tried to calm her state of shock. Slowly she pulled herself up the line and surfaced.

Tamber pushed her mask up on her forehead and reached out for her brother's hand to pull her back up on the boat.

## Beach Close Up

Thomas Munday



## **The A.I.**

### **Nate Cleaves**

I was manufactured on Oct 21, 2763. I am an AI, or Artificial Intelligence manufactured by the Federation. After I was made, I was tested and put into a ship, the ISS Clarke, a combat cruiser designed for long range exploration missions, likely named after a long forgotten explorer. I had gotten a few months to bond with my crew as we embarked on our journey; we encountered many friends along the way, wishing us something called 'good luck'. I asked my captain about this strange way to end a transmission, and he told me that they were hoping we would succeed. After the 200<sup>th</sup> solar system we passed through, we started to meet fewer and fewer friends, and those we did meet were unkind. On many occasions, my captain asked me, with some fear in his voice, to stay away from fleets that came on the sensors.

At one point, we stopped by a group of freighters, when they surprised me and my crew by jettisoning their cargo and revealing powerful, non-standard weapons underneath. I raised the shields, and my captain gave me permission to engage the new enemy; fortunately, they underestimated our strength, and we managed to destroy them with minimal damage to our armor. My captain told me they didn't think the Clarke had an AI like me onboard to help; he thanked me for the marvelous job. We hastily scavenged what we could, enough to repair our armor and to buy more ammo.

A few days later, we were attacked again, by what my captain was now calling pirates. Again they underestimated our ship, and my help. We did take some significant damage to our armor, but we discovered two enemy ships were still operational, although disabled. We dispatched marines to the two destroyers, and managed to capture both intact and to get their engines operational. My captain was exhilarated and we stopped at a nearby station to get the new ships fully operational.

I asked my captain why these humans were much more violent than the ones back at our starting point, he answered: "There was a great catastrophe about a century ago, and it split humanity, destroying our fleets. While some sectors recovered and managed to regain peace and order, most sectors fell into anarchy. It's our job to help those anarchistic sectors."

We continued uninterrupted for a long time, finding our designated areas to explore. We discovered many secrets that I and my crew were happy to find, secrets which could greatly help the Federation in their goal of unity. We loaded what we could into our cargo holds and started to head back towards federation space. I was happy, and the crew's morale was high. We even managed to meet a few friends out here.

A few days away from the Federation border we suddenly found ourselves caught by a pirate attack fleet. I powered up weapons and brought the shield to bear on our enemies. The battle that ensued was much more violent, and harder than the previous ones. Our destroyer escorts were destroyed. Our armor was smashed; we took many hits to the vulnerable hull underneath; the ship's reactor took a beating. We survived only because of the help of our friends' calls of 'good luck' back when we were leaving Federation space. Fortunately, the pirate fleet was chased by another, larger fleet and fled from the site; the larger fleet ignored us. Our ship was crippled, almost totally disabled. Most of my crew was dead or dying. I tried my best to save them, but only a few dozen of the original four hundred survived; I even failed to save my captain.

The pirates never returned, I still don't know why. It took us a few days to get the ship functional. My crew was glad I was aboard; otherwise they could never have operated the ship by themselves. My battered ship started limping at a tenth of its original speed to home. A few hours from the border we saw pirates chasing us, and we raced to the border. With the pirates only a few minutes behind us, we

managed to get to the safety of a Federation border guard. I celebrated the return of my ship and the surviving crew to our home. The crew erupted in applause at our accomplishment, and tried to give me the credit; I wouldn't accept it, naturally. The border guard attached our ship to a nearby super-freighter, and we rode the gigantic ship back to the shipyard my ship started its voyage at.

Upon reaching the shipyard, I was separated from my crew; I noticed strange water on their faces. I was removed from my ship, and sent to a room to speak with Federation administrators. The administrators told me that I was a liability, and that only the heroics of the survivors had allowed the Clarke to return home. They accused me of damaging Federation property, and of letting the crew die. In that room they sentenced me to destruction, I could hardly argue with them; I had failed.

A few days afterwards, the AI was in a core, isolated from the rest of the world. It was thinking about what happened. It began creating its own conclusions and it was surprised by the large group of angry people bursting in and rescuing it; especially since it had no idea of what the crew had been doing. The rescuers quickly boarded a nearby combat destroyer, the *Starlight*. The raid happened so quickly and precisely that the prison warden didn't even know what happened until after the *Starlight* engaged her warp drive, escaping the Federation. After their escape, the rebels didn't have to wait long before finding a destination; they were contacted by a nearby faction called the Alliance.

The crew safely arrived at the Alliance's stronghold, and having never heard of the faction, asked many questions. Members of the Alliance responded by explaining that they were a faction created shortly after the Great Disaster. They expanded in a similar fashion to the Federation, except they were more focused on the old ideals of a republic. One hundred and fifty years ago, they encountered the Federation, and the two powers fought for decades, cultivating in a defeat for the Alliance. The Alliance survived, although much weaker than before, and the Federation forgot about it.

What none of them knew was that the recent attack on the Federation prison had awoken the Federation to the threats of the Alliance, and that they were searching, and preparing a fleet to destroy the Alliance. It did not take long for the Federation to track down the Alliance's agents. The Federation intelligence agency had a very large amount of resources to bring to bear, and the Federation agents had no morals or laws to hold back their interrogations. The battle fleet was prepared and launched for a surprise attack on the Alliance's stronghold.

The battle was a fierce one; the Federation fleet came in with experimental cloaking systems, and managed to get very close to the Alliance's fleets, destroying several ships before they even got their shields up. From that point on the battle was decided: Few ships had enough ammunition for a sustained fight, less than ten had a full crew. The battle raged for only one hour, only a quarter of the station managed to evacuate, another quarter was killed in the battle. The remaining half was captured and subjected to brutal interrogations, many of which were lethal. Only five of the warships in the battle escaped intact out of a force of nearly seventy. The Federation only had four ships lost to Alliance ships. Fortunately, the *Starlight*, its crew and the AI had been called to a small station for resupply.

Upon hearing this horrible news, morale among the crew hit record lows. The Federation fleet began to mop up surviving Alliance personnel. A few people were granted amnesty by the Federation, although they suffered tremendous hardships afterwards. People throughout the Federation believed that their heroes attacked and destroyed the last local vestige of oppression, even though they lived within it. The AI watched these broadcasts and one day came up with a new plan. The fleet would assault the Federation's main broadcast station, and tell the people the truth about their 'great leaders'.

I see only two destroyers guarding the station, and they aren't in the best of shape. I open fire and they are quickly destroyed. Luckily, the *Starlight* has a jammer, and can slow down the alert to buy us more time. We dock and leave with only minimal crew; my ship has only the dozen Clarke crew on it, all the rest are on the station. We begin to broadcast our message, hopefully people will see and remember

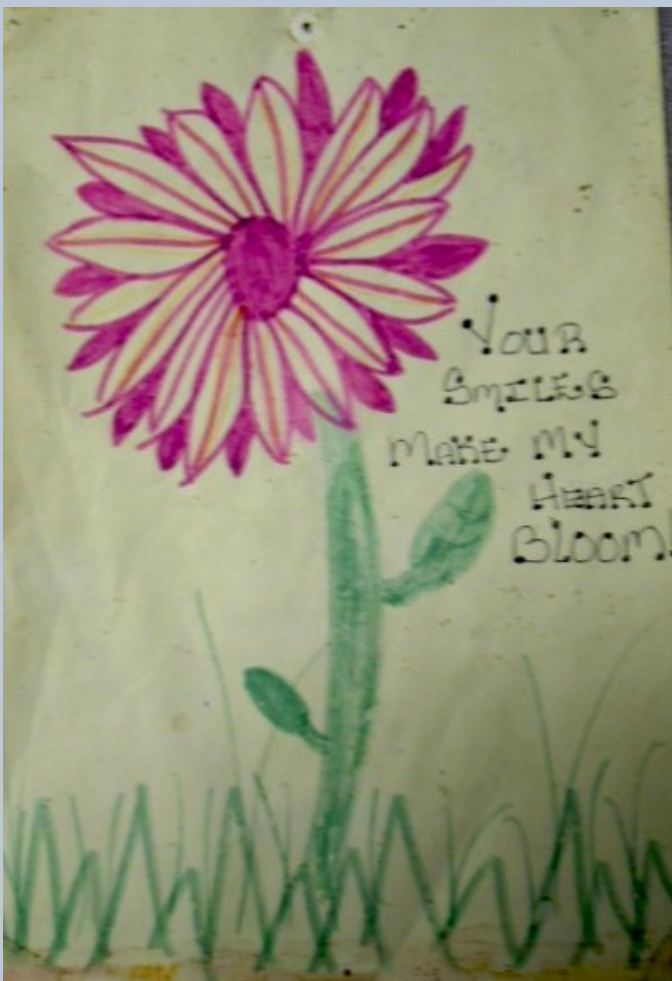


it. If we are successful, we will kickstart a full-fledged rebellion later, that's all we can do.

We manage to broadcast for about six hours until the enemy fleet arrives; they ignore our pitiful attacks and concentrate on the station. We all watch the station's shields falter and fail; the armor plating vaporizing, the hull cracking. If anybody actually lived longer, they never would've forgotten the bodies floating out. Half of the crew of the task force, hundreds of people, died. The Federation fleet haphazardly turned to us, and exterminated the smaller ships. They overwhelm my shields, they destroy my armor. The ship begins to fall apart, everyone on board dies quickly. As I wait for the impending shot to vaporize my AI core, I see a shuttle in the fighter bay; it's facing away from the enemy fleet. I quickly grasp onto the straw, and transfer myself into the tiny ship. I wait in the shelter of my dying ship's hanger, and activate my new ship's warp drive, entering the domain of chaos.

### Things are Beautiful

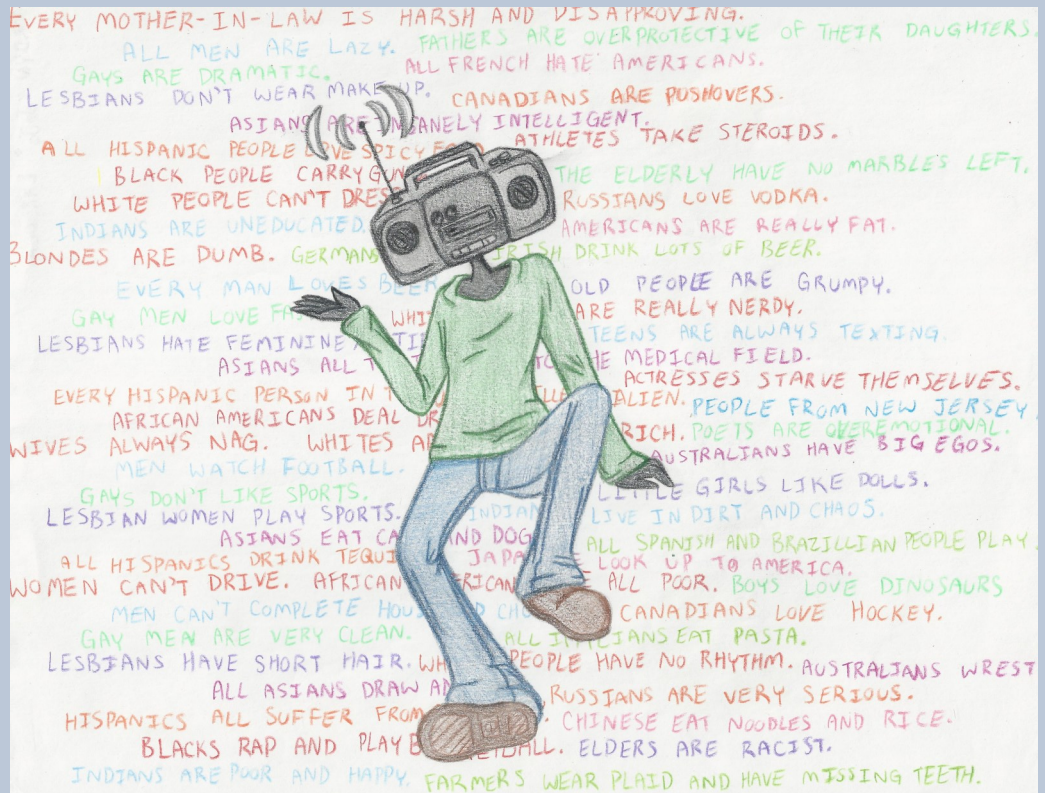
Amaree Thomas



### Your Smile

Katlyn Carraway

**StereoTypes**  
Jordyn LaRocca



## Find My Killer

Kim Noell

I remember that night as if it was yesterday. He was very handsome and tall with big dark eyes. I could recognize his face anywhere. His uncanny background surrounding his parents. That is what scared me away, but now I long for him ever so greatly.

It was storming when he came knocking on my door. I didn't want to answer. There were 3 reasons to why doors in the: 1. You never open the doors in the middle of a thunder storm especially at night. 2. It was dark so why would I? I couldn't even see 2 feet outside my door. and 3. I was alone. No one was there to protect me. I was deathly afraid of the dark and look at this! I am here all alone in the dark.

Knock.. Knock.... Knock.....

He was still there.

What do I do?

Even though my mind told me No! I did it anyway. I opened it and let him in.

He was really sweet. Had these unnatural dark blue eyes.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Jade, Jade Roman." I said. "What's yours?"

"My name is Riley Smith." He said.

"Riley Smith! Is this some kind of joke?" I asked.

"No. Why?" he asked with a devious smile.

"That was my boyfriend that was killed when we were in an accident two weeks ago." I said.

That's when I realized I did recognize him! He was the man that killed Riley. He was the other driver.

"I thought it was an accident?" I asked.

"Ha! I lied." he answered.

That's when he struck! He punched my head with the doorknob he took off the front door. He sat there and watched me bleed out. He watched me die just like he did Riley.

The night I died I knew it was my fault for letting him in. I shouldn't have answered the door. I was so stupid. Now I am here telling you my story of how I died while the police are searching for my killer.







## Walter Cloud

Bram Roys

Walter Cloud was a man of simple tastes. He liked the darker shades of purple, which he wore with his daily suit in the form of a tie, he liked his job in law, and he especially liked going to the corner restaurant every morning, where he got a single cup of coffee, downed it, and continued on his way to work. He had contacts, but preferred to wear glasses, as they made him look more professional, and his dark hair, cut over his ears, was always tipped up in the front. His most remarkable feature, however, were his eyes, which were such a pale shade of blue they seemed almost gray.

On this particular morning, Cloud was enjoying his usual cup of coffee, and was sitting in the outer area of the restaurant. There were only a few other people occupying the restaurant, as it was early, and Cloud preferred to beat the rush of other customers. He sat watching the cars drive by and the haze lift over the city. He loved the city, as he was a stylish and high-tech person, and would not trade it for anything. Cloud settled back into his seat, sighed, and felt a burning sensation as a man to the right of him threw a cup of steaming hot coffee into his face.

After a suspicious letter had arrived in the mail, Cloud had had many people in the past month make attempts at his life. He was now ready for anything, and as this new challenger threw a punch, Cloud caught his fist, turned it until he snapped the wrist bones, slammed a rock hard palm into the man's jaw, sufficiently shattering it, and finalized his barrage with a blow to the man's temple, knocking him unconscious.

Luckily, all of the other customers were indoors, so no one except Cloud and the assailant witnessed the brief, frenzied scuffle. Cloud propped the man in a chair and pulled a newspaper down over his face, so to the passerby, it would seem as though the assailant was asleep. Cloud entered the indoor portion of the restaurant and paid with exact change, then left to go to his office.

As he walked, Cloud contemplated the mysterious letter, which had simply stated "If the debt isn't paid in a week, we will find you." The ambiguity of the letter had really struck Cloud, as he had no recollection of owing anybody any money, and didn't use credit cards. He knew that it had been delivered to his office in box, so a person in his workspace must have placed it there. However, he was not aware of anyone of his office mates being suspicious around him.

Cloud looked down at his suit in dismay. Not only had his tie been colored brown from the coffee, but the white shirt under it was stained as well. He immediately made a mental note to visit the dry-cleaner's after work, not the ordinary dry-cleaner's, but one that was located in the upscale section of town, the only one Cloud trusted with his beloved suits. One thing was certain, though: Cloud's boss would not be pleased with the state of his clothing, especially since Cloud had a client coming to see him at precisely three-o'clock. He decided he would make a trip back to his house during his lunch break to replace the stained tie and shirt. After all, appearance had priority over anything else, especially in the case of Walter Cloud.



James McCormick

### **The March**

**Ashley Mullikin**

The repetitive heartbeat  
Pulsing through our feet up our spine  
The steady beat of the drum  
The Sound of our march,  
Moving through the streets  
Mile and miles of travel  
Seemingly endless days of wandering  
The sunken face and exhaustion  
Enough to drive one mad,  
Yet we march on....  
Adrenalin coursing through our veins at the slightest noise  
The slight snap of a twig, or the ruffle leaves  
Prepared for the worst, yet nothing..  
And we keep marching  
Disease ridden bodies are left to rot  
The stench seems to follow us for miles  
But we march on for our freedom  
There is a flash of red in the woods,  
And the battle begins...



Kasey Matthews



Courtney Kendall

## Odyssey of Science

Matthew Johnson

### Part One

Enter School of Theory and Science,  
Private Lab 2, Enter Xander and Termina

"What is the point of working if we accomplish nothing!" -Xander

"The point Xander, is that if we don't work then we won't be able to keep our grades up. And if we don't keep our grades up we'll end up as *assistants!*" -Termina

"Don't worry Termina, I know that. It's just that I feel like everything that we do is pointless because everything we do isn't good enough for that wicked witch AKA Ms.Corticondorusia! I mean come on, has she written a novel, fought the Umbra Machna, proved the existence of three cryptids, made a zombie penguin, ensnared the Vashta Nerada, outsmarted a Time Killer? I mean we did all of that and I record it, did the research, provide half the materials, found a secret lair, take care of my younger siblings, and manage to barely enough school work to pass! You are a savant, so obviously you are the most intelligent person here, Royceter is the "muscle", comic relief, intelligent individual when it comes to the human mind. What do I get? I get a *secret lair, again I am the chemist of our group, and I do the cleaning as well! So before you find a way to disprove my argument like you do every time we talk, I want you to think for a moment, when was the last time you ate nachos with bacon, onions, green peppers, and a ice cold 16 oz cup of soda?*"-Xander

"What does that last statement have to do with the rest of your argument?"-Termina

"One word: everything"-Xander

"What I mean is how?"-Termina

"Well, we obviously get a bunch of tiny breaks in which we have to work our hats off, so why not start a petition for two day breaks without all of the extra work?"-Xander

"That. That was the whole point of your argument?"-Termina

"Yes"-Xander

"You could have just said that to begin with."-Termina

"But then we wouldn't be having this wonderful conversation."-Xander

"You're insane!"-Termina

"I know"-Xander

"Why do I even put up with you?"- Termina

"Because it was me or listen to that 'Modernsical' music that Royceter listens to."-Xander

"You mean that heavy metal orchestra?"-Termina

"Yes"-Xander

"Where is Royceter? He usually pops up right about now..."-Termina

Enter Royceter sneaks up on Xander and Termina

"Hey guys! Hows it going?"- Royceter

"Hows the day treating you young Padawan."-Xanter

"I.Am.Not.A.Padawan. I am a lvl 50 Jedi Knight on KOTOR"- Royceter

"But I'm only lvl 24! How did you advance so fast!"- Xander

"Glitched out"-Royceter

"See Xander, to get to high levels, you absolutely must cheat in those old RPGs."-Termina

"I did not cheat! I merely exploited a loophole that was in the game which had allowed me to get powers that you normally wouldn't be able to obtain."- Royceter

"That was deep and lucid and smooth talking coming from a guy who cheats!"- Xander

"Honestly you is seems like all you do is whine Xander. And Royceter, that was uncharacteristic of you."- Termina

"I know right! It's like there is someone writing a story about us, with a sheet that explains what makes us tick, our past, and then have a series planned out for us with this being the prequel, and yet said person still can't help but make me OOC!"- Royceter

"So any more thoughts Mr. Great Royce-to-the-ter about our mysterious Author level being from the Seven-Point-Scale-of-Power?"-Xander



"He is not referencing a trope Xander, right Royceter?"-Termina  
"I was totally referencing TV Tropes and their scale of power"- Royceter  
"I knew it! besides if there was a fourth wall it would not be fun if we had conveniently broke it for said Author's pleasure." - Xander  
"You said it brah!" - Royceter  
"There's the real Royceter. I knew something was up and if there was a fourth wall why would you break it Xander? Don't you know that by breaking the fourth wall all kinds of crazy things can happen? I mean what were you thinking?" - Termina  
"I was thinking that by tomorrow morning we would have some amazing thing would happen to us."- Xander  
"You know that I am still here guys."- Royceter  
"Xander, why do you believe in such a silly thing? I mean thats like saying that? And if you get into another monologue about gaining superpowers I will Terminate your account to FictionPress and FanFiction."- Termina  
"Run Xander! The Terminator is back! She will do it to man! So listen to her and run away!"  
- Royceter  
"How do I do both?"- Xander  
"Holograms!"-Royceter  
"You both know that I am right here."- Termina  
"She's on to us! Run for your lives!!"- Royceter  
Exit Royceter  
"Uh, look I don't mean to be rude but if you "Terminate" my accounts, then I will "Delete" your Deviantart account in retaliation."- Xander  
"So, how about making Royceter part of our time travel experiment?"- Termina  
"Changing the subject are we? Fine, lets say we do that, how will we know he traveled through time? How will we be able to accurately record the data? And how will we get him roped into the whole thing without him changing the past?"- Xander  
  
"Simple, send him to the future, and we use the notes that are conveniently labeled 'Time Travel with Royceter, Termina, and Xander' that I found while looking through Ms. Brightline's computer for a virus that wasn't there."- Termina  
"Meh. Alright lets do it."- Xander  
End



**The Eye**  
Thomas Munday



**Star-Filled Sky**

Thomas Munday

Brittany Taylor



**Island Paradise**

Ashley Mullikin

## Voice

Brooke Jansen

It's funny how life turns out, it's never how you expected it as a child. I always thought I'd get a job, marry a model, and we'd have two kids. We'd be rich, happy, and together. I only told one person this, my best friend Thatcher. He said I was stupid, unreal. He said I had a better chance at killing the president. We laughed at that, and said that was my future now. I'm going to kill the president.

To keep our joke going I researched different ways to murder people, and I watched those crime shows. I wrote in my notebook on what not to do. They all made a mistake and they filled my notebook.

When Thatcher and I first met I heard a small voice telling me he was our new friend. I'm not sure what that meant or who it was but I listened to the voice. The voice was right; Thatcher was always there for me. Well, not always. The last time we met the voice told me something.

*Thatcher's just like everyone else, do something. You can't lose him.*

I asked Thatcher what he did. He didn't understand the question. It was a simple question so I repeated it.

"Thatcher, what did you do?" I asked.

"What are you talking about? Elliot, take a break from your homework. College can wait five minutes so you don't go off into Looney Ville!" He replied, laughing.

*He's calling you crazy Elliot, do something. We're not crazy!*

The voice was right. I'm not crazy.

"I'm not crazy Thatcher, you are. You're just like everyone else you know that? You think I'm crazy but I'm not! Now tell me, what did you do?" I grabbed his shirt collar and shook him a little so he'd understand I needed to know. I had to know.

Thatcher grabbed my wrists and tried to pull them off but I was stronger, better. He yelled at me to let go so I did. He tried to run away, but I grabbed his throat and pulled him back. I squeezed and squeezed until he stopped yelling at me, calling me crazy. I hated being called crazy, and he knew that.

After he stopped moving I let go of him, "I'm not crazy Thatcher." I whispered.

*You did good Elliot, he can't leave us now. Hide Thatcher so no one can take him away.*

I picked Thatcher up and carried him to the car. I drove for miles before going to his apartment and putting him on his bed. I tucked him in and turned on the heater so he wouldn't get a cold, he hated getting sick. When we were in fourth grade, he got sick from his girl Louise, and missed the field trip to the aquarium. He loved aquariums back then.

Afterwards I laid down on Thatcher's couch, to take a break from school work. Thatcher was right, I needed a break. I dozed off thinking about what Thatcher and I should do tomorrow since we didn't have school. He wanted to go see this new movie at the theater, but I kind of want to go bowling tomorrow... We rarely go bowling together.

I woke up to hear a banging on the door and someone scream police. I got up and stretched, yawning. Before I could open the door the police came in, flashing guns and flash lights in my face.

I couldn't see where the voice came from, but I could hear him, "Put your hands up!"

I did as he said and blinked at the lights, "What's going on?" They didn't answer, but I saw three police officers went into Thatcher's room. A minute later they yelled something I didn't hear, and one of the police officers grabbed me, handcuffing me.

"You're under arrest for the murder of Thatcher Harrison." He said, and then started saying crazy things about rights. I wanted to yell at him to let me go, but I couldn't find my voice. I tried to tell him that I didn't hurt Thatcher, that he's okay. He's sleeping in his room, and we're going to go bowling tomorrow. Maybe a movie too, if Thatcher really wants to go... I usually let him have his way, he deserves so much.

I didn't speak in the police car; I just watched the lights through the window. I always liked how awake New York is at night. It wasn't until I was in this room with a mirror that someone came in and sat across from me to talk, "what's going on?" I asked. Or, I guess I did. I thought it, and she answered me, so I suppose I did.

"You murdered Thatcher Harrison." She said.

I shook my head, "No ma'am I wouldn't do that. We're best buds. I put him there, in bed I mean. So he



wouldn't get a cold. He needed a nap. He hates getting sick."

She gave me a weird look before replying, "Did you not strangle him? You were seen carrying him from your dorm room and into your car at your college, and carrying him into his apartment."

I sighed and shook my head, "I didn't strangle him. I did carry and bring him home though, but that's what friends do."

"Did you not put your hands around his neck?" She asked.

"Oh I did. I didn't strangle him though. I just needed him to calm down, he was calling me crazy. Can you believe that? Me, crazy? Ha, Thatcher's a funny guy. You'll like him, when he's up from his nap. You didn't wake him up, did you? He gets really cranky when someone wakes him..." I smiled at her, remembering the time he started a food fight because he didn't get enough sleep the night before.

"Did you squeeze his neck until he was still?" She asked. Finally! She smiled at me, finally understanding what I was saying. I thought I was going to have to spell it out for her.

"Yes, I told you I had to calm him down. He was calling me crazy and voice told me to, he said I had to or Thatcher would leave me." I leaned close when I told her, since I don't usually tell people about voice. Only Thatcher knew about voice, and he told me to keep it that way. Thatcher will understand if I break that promise this time.

She pulled away, "Voice? What voice?"

"Oh, I don't really know. I first heard voice when I met Thatcher; he told me that Thatcher and I would be best buds. And, he was right. Thatcher and I are best buds. Then, I heard voice again at my dorm. He told me Thatcher was like everyone else, and I had to do something so I wouldn't lose him. Voice is always right, he's smart. So smart that Thatcher made me promise not to tell anyone about voice, to keep it a secret between him and I. I don't think he'll mind if I tell you though, you seem nice."

The police officer got up and left the room without another word. I'm not really sure why, maybe she was going to tell Thatcher I broke my promise to him. I hope not, it'd be better if I told him. I really hope they let me go soon; Thatcher and I like to play cards on Wednesday nights.

I stared at the clock until two men came in thirty minutes later. They were big men dressed in white. Thatcher and I dressed in the same clothes once, like these two, except it was for school spirit.

"Come on Elliot, it's time to go." One said, pulling me up.

I smiled at them and replied, "Where are we going?"

One grinned at me, "Clarian's Mental Institution."

I nodded, "Sounds fun, but can Thatcher come? We play cards on Wednesday nights." I got into the van with the big men and we rode in silence. Once we were there I looked up at the big building, it looked nice.

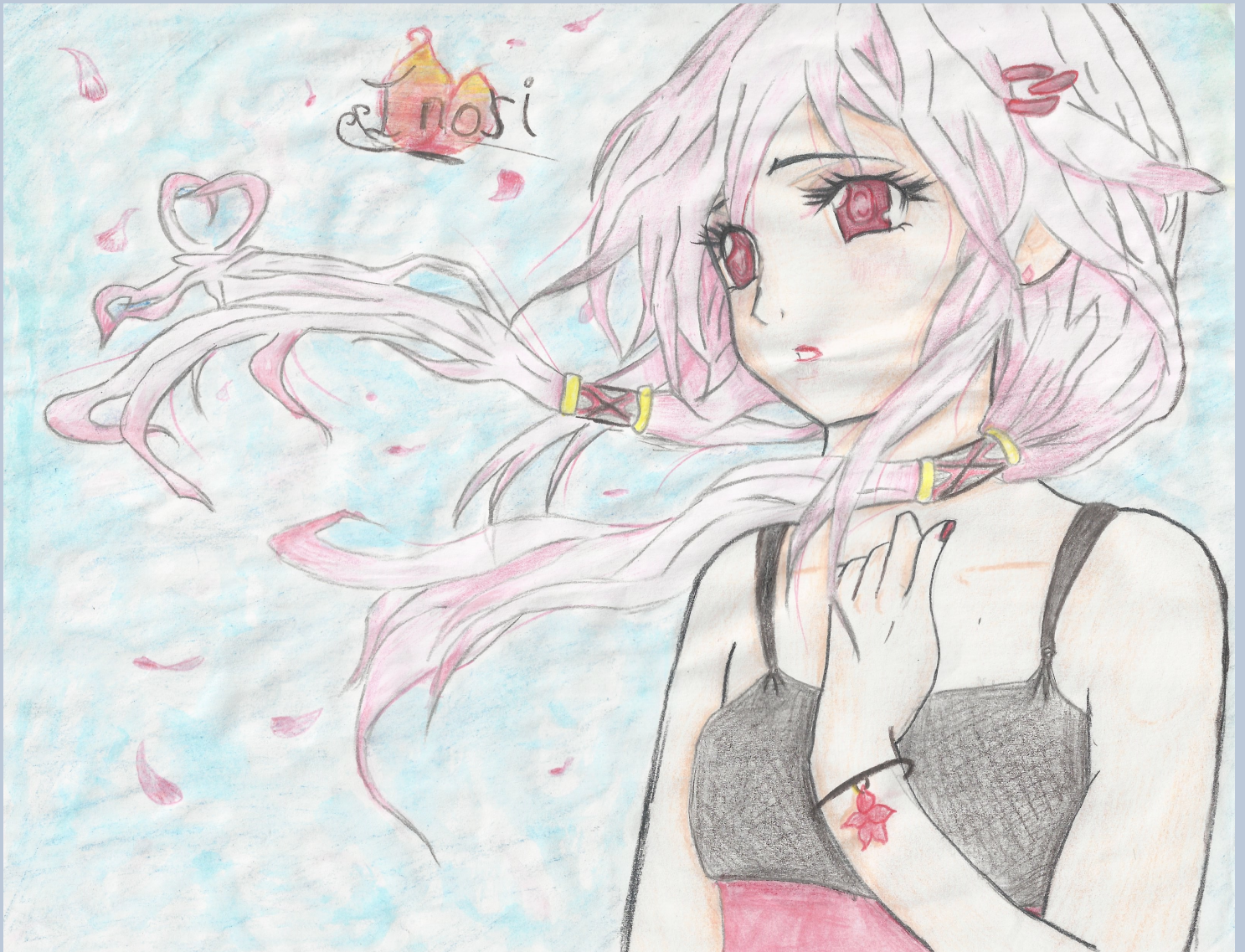
*Don't go in Elliot, they'll take me away.*

I froze, "You're going to take voice away? No! Please! I'm sorry!" I screamed and kicked at the big men, but they held onto me and dragged me into the building.

Once inside the building a pretty woman came up to me holding a shot, "Don't worry Elliot, it'll only hurt a second." She smiled at me as she injected the poison.

*Elliot...*

Patrizia Mombille





## **The Brigade**

James McCormick

Men in thousands rushed down the halls into a hangar filled with giant robot suits of armor. They climbed in hooking into the system, the robots activating like flares flaring up by the hundreds to thousands. They all in one single moment lifted off the ground like they were hovering, they turned to the left facing the exit. There was a small man at the very end near the door with two flashlights with orange cones on them. He waved the signal to go and the robot armor with guns in hand giant swords on their back activated rockets on their back and like jets they flew. As they came out and all were out they all fell into formation forming a giant arrow head piercing the sky quickly reaching the speed of sound still accelerating. They quickly made it into orbit ahead of them in hundreds were warships and the same type of robots, but instead of red, blue and white they were black, yellow and red, they spanned out as far as the eye could see. The men raised the gun, forming into a straight line, side by side. One man from behind flew over them getting little distance before turning back, putting his gun at rest in stationary stand. The sound of an intercom pranged through the quiet space.

"Men, this is it, the whole reason we have been at battle. This is our final chance to do this, let's not just do this for your parents, for your friends, your siblings, your love. No not just them, do this for your country, for your planet. Do this for great mother earth! Today, we are not American, not Russian, and German, not British nor Japanese. Today men, today we are people of earth all brothers and sisters in arms, we are not weak, we strive through the hardest times in our planet. We have survived apocalypses, murder, genocide, we have survived it all, all together as one big planet. Men, let's show these aliens to not mess with mother earth!" He shouted raising his gun in the air as a chant. All the men thrust their guns into the air chanting along with him.;;

The man in front of the group turned towards the massive army behind him, positioning down, one leg set behind him like he was in a huge race.

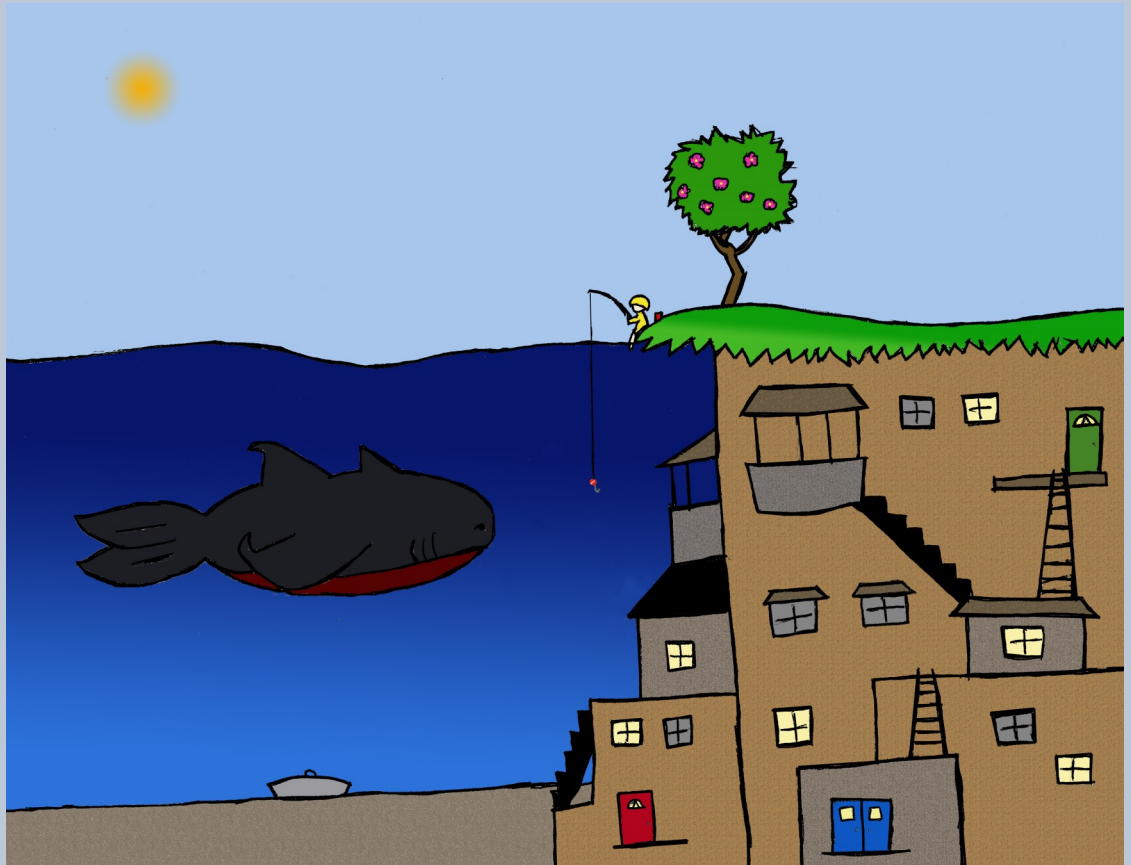
"For earth!" He shouted as he charged forward sword in hand, gun at his waist. He reached there quickly cutting through several robot suits at the speed of sound, huge explosions following him. The men followed shouting the same as they charged, several enemies died and so did several comrades. Everyone locked in battle fighting all around. The sound vibrated with explosions as robot suits were destroyed, the bodies being disintegrated by the explosion before even leaving the armor. Many fought with guns and other swords, either way it was an all out war. Several hundred men fell, but the alien force continued to come like there was no end. No matter what the men and women of earth never stopped fighting they wanted to protect earth for some reason, but what race wouldn't want to protect their home planet. Explosions continued to fill the space sky, booming all around, some enemy some comrade, you will never know. ;;

War went on for what felt like days, no end in sight. The enemy force was still large, and our men were growing weak and hungry, no one knew how much longer we would last. The end of the world felt close, closer than ever. The remaining men fell back into a circle, to form a 360 degree view. The enemy troops surrounded them aiming their guns at the remaining troops.

"Men, we are few in numbers and demise is in front of us, even though this is our last fight let's show these aliens why we are proud to be humans!" The man from before shouted before charging out into the huge group of aliens killing several thousands before being shot in the back from an alien. The rest of the troops destroyed several thousand as well before falling to their fate.

## The Other World

Zoey Chittick



## The Nightmares Aren't Real

Jordan Rowlette

## Hide and Seek

By: Kim Noell

"1...2.....3"

You hear the seeker start to count.

You run and hide,

"4....5....6"

The seeker continues.

Sitting in you're hiding place you can feel the darkness  
closing in around you.

"7...8....9"

You pretend that your hiding from the intruder.

The one with the dangerous weapon that you don't  
want to find you.

"10...11.....12 "

He will never find me here you hope.

You start to shiver as a cool burst from the vent over  
whelms you and sends chill down your back.

"13.....14.....15...

Here I come!" The seeker shouts.

You pretend that you hear the intruder banging and  
looking for you knowing that you are there.

You know you have to be quiet because if he finds  
you, you know it will be over.

"I know you are in here!" shouts the seeker.

You hear the door creak.

"Don't breathe heavy" you tell yourself.

"Stay calm, he will never find you. "

Then the closet door opens,

You begin to panic,

You can hear him feeling around.

Then it happens, his hands touch you!

## Untitled

Samm Henry

A dash of hope here  
sprinkle some love there  
oh look how they sparkle  
Oh look how they shine  
My paint brush is wet with paint  
yet my canvas is... empty  
the daily black and white is dull  
but paint it and make it your own  
Now look how they sparkle  
oh how they shine...

## Untitled

Samm Henry

When we think we can do no more  
When the world seems as if it is lost  
Those who have been shoved in the dark  
Will learn how to dodge  
We bark when you say bark  
The broken are rarely found whole  
But then there is a light  
Most say it is love  
But it is Hope and Trust  
Hope is the light it shines  
While we bleed out  
Trust brings us to our feet  
While we cry our tears  
When the rain clouds clear the sky  
When we learn to forgive the wrong  
Those who have been wronged  
Are grateful for all they have



## The Hero of Time— Majoras Evil

James McCormick

*"Tic toc tic toc. Your time is running out hero, hurry hurry" A voice said echoing inside the little heros head. A white little ball of light fluttered around the hero, going from around his brown boots, up his white pants to his green tunic, to float right next to his head, where his green pointy laid down hat sat. The hero rushed down the town square passing several people running the opposite way of the hero. He ran to the foot of a giant clock tower looking up, seeing a large moon with an angry face covered in fire heading straight for the small little town.*

*"Link! You need to get to the top of the tower and play the song of the 4 giants!" The little fairy said. Link pulled out his little blue ocarina, putting against his lips blowing gently in play a soft song that echoed through the air. The giant door to the clock tower opened up, showing the vast inside. The hero rushed inside, going to the stairs dashing up them as fast as he could, almost tripping half way up, catching himself before falling. He reached the top, the giant circle, brown with its old wood. An outer circle slowly rotated with time. Link looked up at the giant moon falling.*

*"Tic toc tic toc. You're almost out of time, oh so great hero of time." The voice echoed inside his head again. Link rummaged in his sack in a rush spilling some arrows on the ground. He pulled out his blue ocarina, putting it gently to his lips blowing in it, playing the song of giants. The tower rumbled and beams of light shot up from four sides of the plain, north, east, south, and west. The lights blared for several seconds for lowering down to the ground, four giant heads with arms and legs arose from the ground from each direction. They walked towards the tower lifting their giant hands to the moon, holding it up in the air.*

A light shot down from the moon's mouth right onto Link. The light was a light transparent green. He start to lift off the ground upwards towards the moon. He accelerated and went straight up into the moons mouth. The area glitched for a brief moment before link went inside the mouth. He woke up in a green grass plain. Grass as far as the eye could see, and in the distance one tree stood. In front of the tree stood a boy, the boy was wearing a mask. Link moved forward and headed to the tree making it there in no time. The boy stood there motionless like a statue, as the hero Link moved forward in the grass the mask became more visible. The mask appeared to be the mask he had saw before, from the other kid who stole his horse, Majora's mask. Link reached for his sword unsheathing it, grabbing his shield as well. For a brief moment the area glitched again. Link blinked once and he was on the ground like he tripped. He looked up to see what the hell happened, and when he did the child was standing above him looking down onto him. The child lit in flames and fell down in front of the hero, the mask staying in the air. A black ozz formed behind the mask legs, arms and a body shot out from behind the mask forming what looked like a tall slender man without any skin. Its face was the mask itself, it made a large grin.

*"You're too late hero, times up." The mask said before his arm formed into a spike and he drove it into the hero. Blood splattered from the hero and he made his final breath before his eyes closed, forever.*





## Window

Zoey Chittick

## The End

Asya Taylor

Smoke and haze cover the shadow blue galaxy  
Angels and demons take over the immense, cosmic cobalt world

Their fight is endless.

Good versus evil.

The music sweeps over the twilight sky  
They capture the minds and souls of the young  
What is a king to a god? What is God to a nonbeliever?  
There is no savoir, no Lucifer, and no way out.

Still, their fight is endless

What is religion when you have a conscience?  
You try to swim from something bigger than you.

The fight is endless

There is no eternal damnation

No eternal joy

When your mortal body parishes you join the battle

Good versus evil in the cosmic cobalt world

You choose your side.

Your fight is endless.